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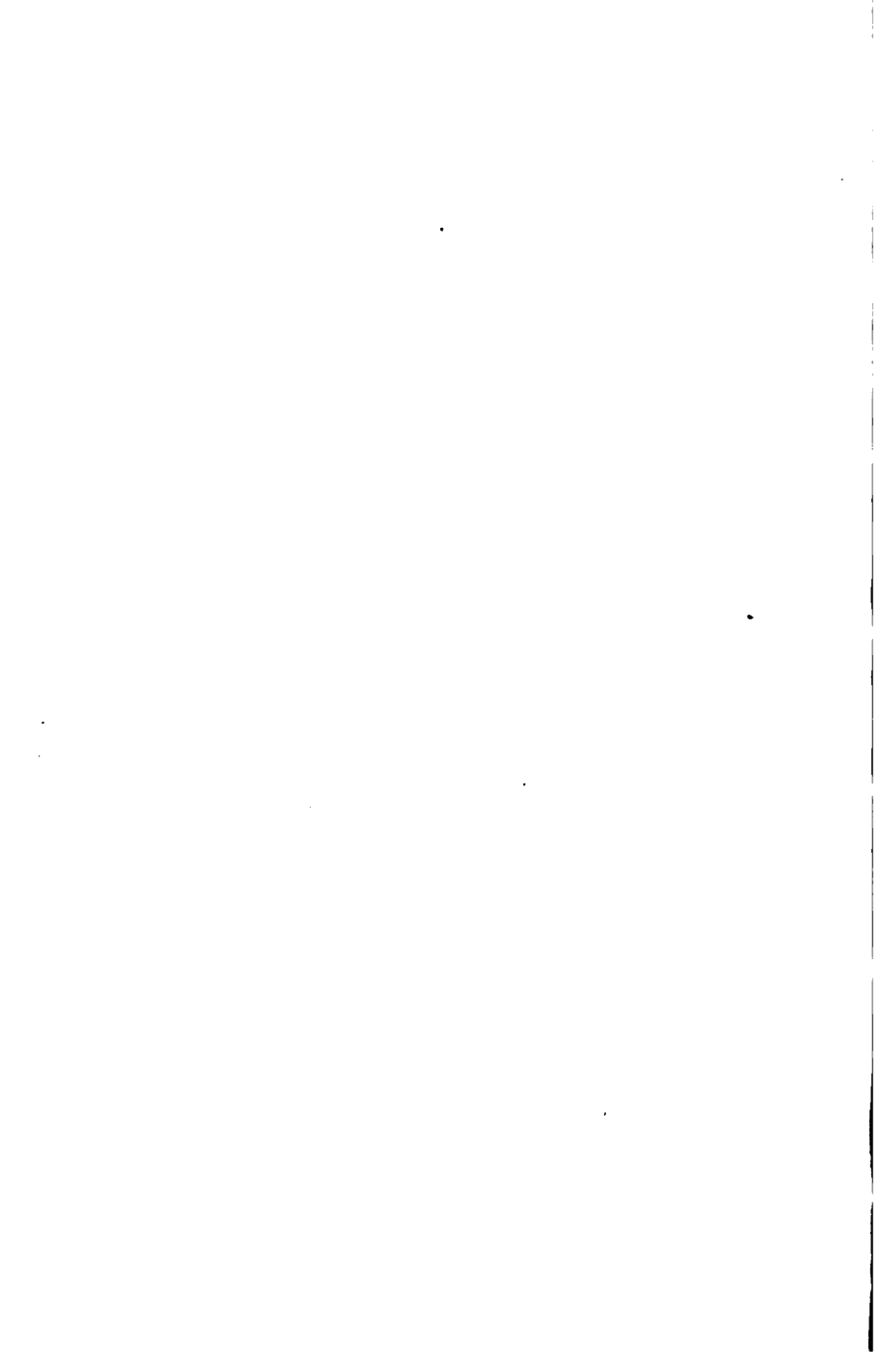
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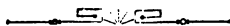
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SONGS OF LIBERTY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY DR. JOHN MCINTOSH.

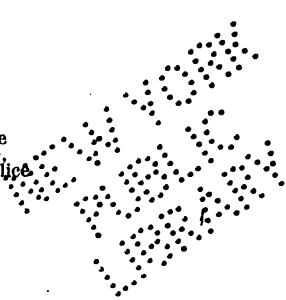


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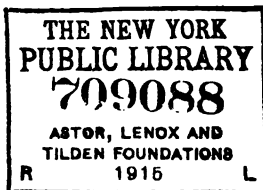
THE LAND LEAGUES OF THE WORLD.



No shadow shall fall from a palace
To darken the poor man's home,
Engend'ring the madness and malice
That fired the Ephesian Dome.



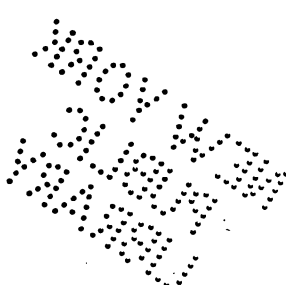
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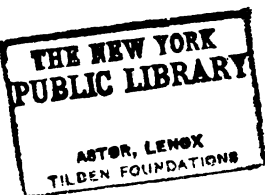
PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

It is with entire confidence the publishers present this volume to the public. The patriotic character and exalted tone of the Poems are such as to insure them a cordial reception by every lover of liberty in the land. The Illustrations are correct and life-like, and some of them were obtained at great expense. The portrait of PATRICK FORD, we have the privilege of giving to the public for the first time, which we feel confident will be a pleasant surprise to the hundreds of thousands of friends of this brave defender of human rights. The portrait was engraved by one of Chicago's most skillful engravers, from a photograph but recently taken, and presents the able exponent of the Irish cause just as he now appears in his full vigor and strength of intellect. The portrait of MICHAEL DAVITT we engraved from a photograph taken during his recent visit to America, and is the only correct engraving in existence, of the poor prisoner of Portland, as he now appears. There are thirteen historical illustrations in the work, and groups, in a small compass, portraits of a few of the noble people who are giving their life and liberty to the cause of Right and Justice.

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CHARLES STUART PARNELL, M. P.
(See page 30.)





SONGS OF LIBERTY,

AND OTHER POEMS.



LEAGUERS' CREED.

And here, to the ear of the Father,
We enter this solemn vow:
We will seek for disaster, rather
Than lease out the land as now:
NO MAN SHALL INHERIT AN ACRE;
His share must be won by his hands:
IN HIM, THE ORIGINAL MAKER,
ALONE SHALL BE VESTED THE LANDS.

No shadow shall fall from a palace,
To darken the poor man's home;
Engend'ring the madness and malice
That fired the Ephesian dome.
In each will be seen but a neighbor;
Each claim, as a title deed,
Be proved by results of his labor,
The harvest, as reaped from the seed.

THE LEAGUERS.

GOD GAVE THE LAND TO THE PEOPLE!

Let that be the Leaguer's cry:

Let it peal from the belfry steeple,

Let it shout from each passer-by:

Let it echo the broad land over,

By valley, and bog, and hill,

Till it breaks on the cliffs of Dover:

OURS, OURS IS THE LAND WE TILL.

By the blood of the slaughtered warriors

Who perished on moor and field,

Whose bodies were piled as barriers,

By comrades who scorned to yield;

By the prayers from the sacred altars,

To the ONE who reigns on high:

By the hopefulness breathed in the psalters,

Repeated in agony,

When they bowed to the will of heaven

That gave to the stranger's hand

The acres for which they had striven:

Our own dear native land,

We swear that the ancient possession

Once more as our own shall come,—

THIS, THIS IS THE LAND LEAGUER'S MISSION;

To music of fife and drum.

With the SUN-BURST floating above us,

Our rifles at "*shoulder arms*,"

God-spiced by the mothers who love us,

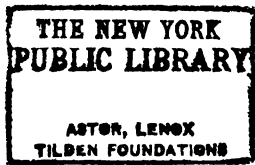
Forgetting the maiden's charms,

We will forward to your and to my land

The Irishman's "*dear ould sod*,"

To rescue our glorious Island;—

The errand and will of God.





MICHAEL DAVITT.

(Engraved from a Photograph taken on Mr. Davitt's recent visit to America, and presented by him, as a souvenir, to ELLEN A. FORD, of New York.)

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL—DAVITT.

Hip, hurrah for the grand duke* Michael!
Not Mike of the Russian breed,
But the duke of our mod'ren cycle,
And Irish, in word and in deed:
Our patriot, martyr-duke, Davitt,
Whom pledge we with all of our powers:
His body old England must have it,
But his spirit, ha, ha, is ours!

From away where the tyrant's minions
Hear the clank of the prisoner's chain,
His soul, upon Liberty's pinions,
Is free as the wind on the main;
From the walls of the British Neroes—
With a frown for his foes, and a smile
For his comrades, the Land League heroes—
He flies to his dear native Isle.

He rouses the soul of the peasant
With scorn and contempt of the wrong:
The hope of relief in the present,
As promised in speech and in song:
When the plenty the good God sends them,
Each year, to the orchard and field,
On the land that the same Power lends them,
Their treasures to *workers* shall yield.

From the rule of the gory saber,
From the grasp of the robber hand,
To the keeping of honest labor,
He has summoned our martyr-land:
That the grain may be his who gathers,
In sweat, as he sings o'er his toil,
In the rich old fields of his fathers:
Fair Erin's glorious soil.

He sweeps o'er the ocean in gladness,
With the power of a demi-god;

*Duke: from *duco*, to lead. In that sense is the word used in this poem.

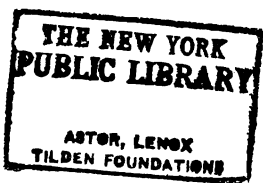
And he rouses to burning madness
The men who were born on the "Sod:"
And the children they reared in freedom,
Each swear they will sacrifice all,
Arrayed with their sires, should he need 'em,
And rush at his clarion call.

His cry to the sons of the martyrs
Who died for the land long ago,
Is, Death to the craven who barter
His manhood for peace with the foe!
And he points to the homeless places,
Where the laugh and the song were heard,
And then to the ghastly faces
Upturned by the famine and sword,

And swears by the tortures of craving,
When hunger is felt at its worst:
The howl of the dying and raving,
Fell brood of a system accurst,
'Twere better that Erins's Island
Were left to the bat and the owl,
Bog, meadow, lake, valley and highland,
Than shared by a presence so foul.

Let them brag of their British lion,
With his sharp-fanged, bloody jaws;
We will sing of Fame's modern scion,
Young Michael who pines for our cause.
Then hurrah for the grand duke Davitt!
Hip, hip, with a will, boys, hurrah!
His body old England must have it,
But his soul is with *Erin Go Bragh!*







PATRICK FORD,
EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORLD.

THE IRISH WORLD.

Now glory to the *Irish World*, from which good teachings flow;
And to its Sovereign Editor, whom all good Leaguers know;
At once the prophet and the sage, heroic Patrick Ford,
Who proves the adage that, "the Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Wherever floats that standard sheet, there also float unfurled,
The grandest aspirations of a hope-awakened world;
The patriot takes new courage as he sees it soaring high,
While the long despondent sufferer smiles to see deliverance nigh.

Through the gloom and smoke of centuries, that Sun Burst of our
time,

Shines bright o'er ancient battle-fields, and scenes of despot crimes,
Heaped hetacombs of martyrs slain by famine's godless hand,
While garnered stores of plenty stood, and cattle filled the land;
And it calls through all its columns, with a voice above the roar
Of every modern clamor, and the ruffian claims of yore,
That the despot reign of policy, with famine's fearful role,
No longer shall usurp the life of any human soul.
It cries: "Behold the limits of the Godless reign of Pride,
Ye stand in judgment, summoned by the modern crucified;
Lo! all the bloody nail-marks of the supplicating palms,
The gaping wounds of poverty ye gave instead of alms;
The hovel for a shelter, the patch of scrubby land
Ye gave in mocking recompense for labor of the hand;
And the judgment we award to you is this: Go forth and toil
As equals of the worker and the tiller of the soil.
Down from your towers of violence and citadels of wrong;
The acres ye have claimed as yours, to each and all belong.
We seek no reimbursement of the robb'ries of the past,
No banquet dainties, while you stand, and miserably fast;
For justice only do we ask, our honest, toiled for, share;
But asking that, we whisper this in warning tones, BEWARE!
For with that claim, a modern force, the latest born of mind
All potent as the lightning's stroke, or devastating wind
Stands ready to enforce the same, and answer at a breath,
The vindication of the right, with violence and death."

Look upward, men and women, at the future's promise-signs;
I see them flaming o'er the walls where Michael Davitt pines;

I see them flashing o'er the crowds, where leader Parnell stands,
Where Dillon with defiant front addresses patriot bands,
And Brennan shouts in wrathful tones, the people's just demands;
I see them streaming o'er the scene where foul eviction rends
The peasant from his humble hearth, and desolated, sends
The mother with her infant babe, to bear the midnight blast,—
Brave promise-signs of burning words the *Irish World* upcast.

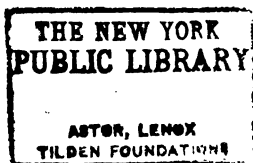
Not to the Emerald Isle alone, these promise-signs belong;
To each and every land they come, where men revolt at wrong.
In every isle and continent, outspread beneath the skies,
Wherever Freedom's throb is felt, and voice of Justice cries,
They're found; for now from North to South, from East to farthest
West,

The sraiter and the smitten stand in open feud confessed.
The victim bound in ancient thongs has from his prison sprung,
And from his fettered limbs at last, his manacles have wrung;
And the people's voice in unity, in thunder tones proclaim
That Law, usurping Equity, is Justice but in name;
That the moldy parchment formulas by which Rank holds the soil,
Are figments only, thief-devised, to justify the spoil.

Ho! Leaguers, for the common weal, believers in the Lord
Of Justice, Truth and Mercy; on, in manliest accord,
Upheave all dynasties of wrong, their hateful iron laws;
On, in the majesty of right, the justice of our cause;
And should you falter in the march, look up where floats unfurled
The modern banner of the free, THE MATCHLESS IRISH WORLD.



mann





MISS FANNY PARNELL.

FANNY PARNELL.

Fanny Parnell! O Fanny Parnell!
Long may thy rounded periods swell,
Menacing despots and pealing the knell
 Of Ignorance, ever the mother of **WRONG**;
Swelling the courage that laughs at fears,
Ringing out wisdom to patriot ears,
Waking the tender of soul to tears,
 In burning lines of ecstatic song.

Speech and pen are the gifts of few,
Both of them, Fanny, have fallen to you;
Use them grandly and use them true,
 With a woman's charm and a woman's might.
Erin, thy country, has need of thee;
They in Kilmainham must be free:
Free by the gift of **Liberty**;
 Free by the modern rule of **Right**.

Erin's cause is the cause of man;
Indivisible still as one:
Dating back from the primal ban
 Down the long aisles of elapsing time.
Thine be the task, O Fanny Parnell!
The **Right** to defend, the **Wrong** to quell,
A task more worthy than tongue can tell;
 Devotion's work in a cause sublime!

TO PAPNELL.

Master of a lordly manor,
And of many a stout retainer,
How art thou to be the gainer,
In thy well-contested game?

Grant the League to be victorious,
Buckshot Foster the notorious,
Made to flee the Isle, inglorious;
Would'st thou be content with fame?

Selfishness that sways the million,
Still defiant of opinion,
Christian law or code Justinian,
Still asserts the old decree.

In the whirlwind grasp of faction,
In the force of old attraction,
Shall thy soul defy reaction
And a master prove to be?

Wisdom is the growth of ages,
Treasured wealth of worldly sages,
Blazoned on no nation's pages,
Read, alas! and known to few.

Wisdom has its roots in justice,
Legal equity but dust is,
Martial force the merest rust is,
In the balance known as true.

Thine, O, Parnell, be the glory
Of redeeming Erin's story
From the pages dark and gory,
Chronicling England's shame.

Truth be thine in council, ever,
Justice, still, thy best endeavor,
Let thy claim to fortune sever,
Rather than relinquish fame.

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THOMAS BRENNAN.



BRENNAN.

Lion-hearted, lordly Brennan!
Herald in the ranks of Right,
Hold aloft thy flashing pennon,
Foremost in the verbal fight.

Let the trumpet-tones sonorous
Ring against the brazen wrong;
Rising like a master-chorus
O'er a whirlwind rush of song.

Truth inspired, all hearts inspiring,
Sound the tocsin's loud alarm;
Patriot hearts with wisdom firing,
Keep the nation still from harm.

Not alone to warriors valiant
Comes the victor's wreath of fame,
Moral claims more grandly salient
Hold on high the hero's name.

Still avenging, dread Nemesis
Sweeps her awful harvest in:
Wisdom's tardy exegesis
Of the fearful role of sin.

Upward yonder looms the future,
With its scales so justly poised,
Pointing to its friendly tutor
Brennan, leader ever prized.

JOHN BULL ON THE LAND LEAGUERS.

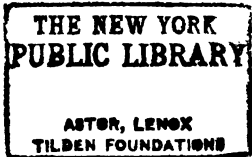
Ven the Hirishmen of eighty-von,
 Vith Parnell at their 'ead,
 Resolved to make hold Ireland free,
 Ve gave them hirn and lead;
 e sent to them both 'orse and fut,
 To put the Leaguers down,
 For, bless your 'eart, we could not spare
 That jewel from our crown.

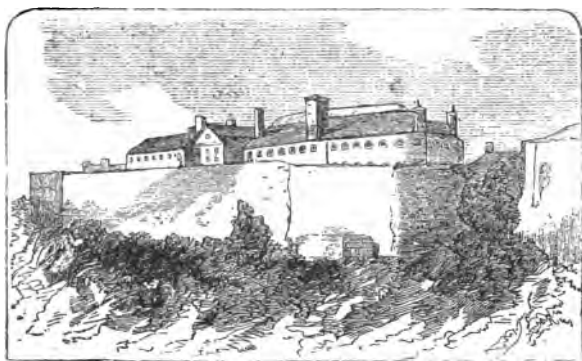
Oh, 'twas different with those Afghan chaps
 And halso with the Boers,
 Them ere chaps of the Transvaal
 You know they vasn't hours,
 But the Hirish they belongs to hus,
 They's just the same's our hown,
 So Hingland can't afford to lose
 That jewel from her crown.

So long as Hingland's as it is
 'T will be as it has been,
 Still governed by the 'Ouse of Luds,
 And by our gracious Queen;
 And, now, three cheers for Brit-i-an,
 And let the can go round,
 And down vith every think would pluck
 Von jewel from our crown.

IRISH TENANTS.

Landlords, listen to our lay:
 Ye have daily had your day,
 Ye have said your loudest say;
 We have felt your swaying sway,
 We have prayed, no more to pray;
 Ye are weighed: get out the way!
 We have now arraigned your reign,
 Chained at last your cruel chain,
 No more to gain from us our gain,
 Robbing us of fruits and grain;
 No more we'll strain in mis'ry's strain,
 And, painful, feel stern hunger's pain.





View of Kilmainham Jail, the Historic place where Parnell and his comrades are confined, and from whence the great "No RENT" Manifesto was issued.

KILMAINHAM.

In thy ravages, O Time!
As a center made sublime,
By a virtue called a crime,
Spare Kilmainham.

Monuments may mock the years,
Substituting praise for jeers;
Nought of such in thee appears,
Kilmainham.

Now the shade of Parnell falls
On thy patriot-cherished walls,
Greater thou than royal halls,
Kilmainham.

Not in marble shafts, I ween,
Built for favored prince or queen,
Claims to thine were ever seen,
Kilmainham.



JOHN DILLON.



THEN AND NOW.

Ho, Irishmen of Yankeedom!
In 1776, .
The sons and fathers of this land
Were in just such a *fix*.

The "masters," from beyond the sea—
King George's blundering fools,
Resolved to bind Columbia's power
By hateful, despot rules.

What! did the sires sit down and whine,
And like base hounds succumb?
Not they, but to a rendezvous
They marched with fife and drum.

They left the shuttle in the loom,
The ploughshare in the field;
And each man swore this sturdy oath:
"FORE GOD! WE SHALL NOT YIELD."

THE LAND IS OURS! from north to south,
From east to farthest west;
And we, my friends, this land will hold
Against King George's best.

A summons, like a cry of fire
Shrieked in the ear of night,
Rung out o'er city, town and farm:
Up, neighbors, up and fight!

Come, join you all a company,
And arm with sword and gun;
For by such weapons only can
Our victories be won.

They kissed their children and their wives,
And bravely marched they on;
Resolved nor wife nor child to see,
Till victory was won.

And, still, sustained by that dread name,
By which they stoutly swore,
They fought until Columbia's power
Was FREE FOR EVERMORE.

THE COMER.

A comer came over the water;
A suitor was he, and my choice;
He called me fair Erina's daughter,
And praised so my musical voice.

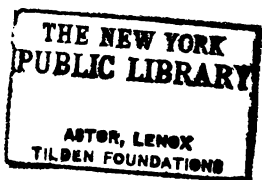
Embalmed in yon tomb is my mother;
My father lies cold in the sea;
And I have no sister or brother
To mingle emotions with me.

And yet, they would grudge me the kisses
He left on my lips, by the hill:
The raptures, the infinite blisses
That linger like essence there still.

A castle is mine, as a dower,
And gold of my father's, a store;
But I tire of the gloomy old tower,
And wander and sigh by the shore.

In fancy I see the plumed steamer
Divide the horizon's dim bar,
That brings to me—fond, loving dreamer!
My lover who comes from afar.

Be joyful, O heart! when the summer,
With all of its sweetness has flown,
The waited-for, leal ardent comer
Will bear me from here as his own.





M. J. BIGGAR, M. P.



PATRICK EGAN.

THE OLD EARL—PARNELL.

Alone in his old ancestral hall,
With none to come at his lordly call,
The gray earl sat, grim, lean, and dazed,
While his proud old spirit, despairing, gazed
On a wrecked estate and a future void
As ever a human soul annoyed.
"I've feasted," quoth he, "in this hall of mine,
The lords of the soil, on beef and wine.
Miles upon miles of arable land,
With forest and lake and a castle grand,
Were mine, with a pack of beagle hounds,
Unchecked by the Leaguer, in chasing bounds;
And hunting horses would scorn to shun
A five-barred gate on a long day's run;
Sweeping through gardens and harvest-grain,
Wherever the scent of the fox made plain;
And no one daring to say me nay,
Dreading rack-rent on the coming day.—
Dreading rack-rent or eviction-writ,
With never a neighbor to help him quit.
Brave days of the long ago now gone,
Stranding me here in my age, alone.
The Church abandoned its old control,
Wrecking the ancient faith of the soul;
While a sentiment worthy a Paris mob,
Favored the national mind to rob.
Ah God! ah God! an anomalous thing:
Plenty and peace, with an absent king;
Rank a nuisance and eke a crime
To speak in praise of the olden time;
A status dismembered, an empty throne,
While peace and prosperity still have grown,
A spell of the felon blandishment
Heard in the cell-born phrase, 'No Rent.'
Ten paltry acres allotted me!"
He, groaning, added in misery.
"Ten acres!—the clowns!—of my fathers' lands:
The title-deeds won by their strong right hands;
When Brian Boro at Clontarf bled,
And his kerns in hurried disorder fled.

Ten paltry acres with leave to toil
And earn my bread by my sweat o'er the soil;
The equal of ditchers and stable grooms,
Fellows who never dared tread my rooms,
Or stand in my presence with covered head.
Beggars who whined at my hall for bread,
The equals now of an ancient lord!
More than my equals in toiled-for board:
For, what with age and the old-time pride,
To work for a living I stand denied.
Up through the lawn, from the broad highway,
My ancient tenantry, day by day,
Come with offers to work for naught.
Service, by heaven! that could not be bought:
Dreading the taint of the Boycot times,
When helping the rich were accounted crimes:
Proffers of labor for auld lang syne,
When acres and they and theirs were mine.
Hither, by ancient loyalty led,
They come in the old school of honor bred;
Men oft rack-rented till nought was left—
Of cows and of pigs and of grain bereft;
Still dreading eviction's desolate hearth,
With the bleak hedge-row as their only berth.—
Offers of service they give to me,
Knowing me lord of the soil to be:
Lord by the paramount lawful claim
Awarded valor on fields of fame;
Ancestral gifts from the English crown,
Through many a century handed down.
But the senseless boors, by a catch-phrase caught:
A strange perversion of modern thought,
Answer me: 'Parnell, the President,
Has ordered the Nation to pay No Rent,'—
Parnell, a commoner, underbred,
Of tainted blood, with a price on his head:
Parnell, the upstart, ruling the Isle,
And I, a great nobleman, here the while."
The old earl gasped in the fearful strain
Of the new *regime* and the ancient reign;
And his haughty spirit indignant fled,
Leaving the hall with the wasted dead.



T. D SULLIVAN, M. P.



MALACHI O'SULLIVAN.

SIR REGINALD.

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war,"
 So quotes Sir Reginald, the crack huzzar;
 An old campaigner with the port of Mars,
 And claims approved by sundry saber scars.
 "My squadrons are all Irish," adds the Major;
 "So is our Colonel, and a game old stager;
 He fought in India, glorying in the labor
 Of killing in each fight heaps with his saber."

Next day Sir Reginald was ordered out
 On a detail—half brigand and half scout—
 With bailiff and constabulary force,
 And magistrate upon a sorry horse,
 A wretched party for a martial knight,
 A soldier who had served in foreign fight;
 And so he felt it, as his squadrons reined
 Their splendid, well-fed chargers, battle-trained,
 Before the enemy, a motley group,
 Who treated him with bitter jeer and whoop;
 Strong, stalwart men and many a maiden fair,
 In mood defiant had assembled there.
 The Major winced at helping serve a process;
 No prospect there to win Victoria Crosses,
 Fighting poor peasant-farmers and the like,
Sans guns, *sans* swords, *sans* even a rusty pike,
 And the smart squadrons, charmed with the plucky girls,
 Swore to each other to protect their curls.

Beside their huts lay carted many a load
 Of rubbish to obstruct the public road;
 And there in proud defiance they stood by,
 While, from the huts rose many an anguished cry
 From wrinkled crones and grandsires white with age,
 Cursing their landlords, while they wept with rage.
 "Oh, devil a process will be served this day,"
 A voice above the rest was heard to say,
 From a lean form with military air,
 A wiry wight with bristling, faded hair;
 "We'll have your bailiff-heart's blood first,

Ye coward servants of a law accurst.
What brings *you* here, Sir Reginald?" he cried;
"On Honor's field we've hunted side by side,
In the Crimea, our quarry Glory,
And now you struggle in a bailiff's foray.
Shame on the Irishman who'd stain his saber
By fighting comrades who defend their labor!
One process served makes slaves of one and all
Throughout the Island; threat'ning to enthrall
The unborn millions of the future years.
One process failing, still the future clears,
Closing eviction 'gainst the beaten peasant,
The saddest feature of the heartless present.
And, now, Sir Reginald, once more I say:
No process shall be served on us this day.
You've arms, I know, and well I know their might,
I've used them oft in many a hard-won fight;
Striking at me you'll add to honest scars
Received while serving in your ranks, huzzars.
We have no weapons: none—not even a rod—
Naught but the arms given by Almighty God;
But, like to flames of leaping, angry fire,
We'll guard our hovels, scorning to retire;
Back, back, Sir Reginald, from where you're sent:
Our motto here is: PARNELL and No RENT!"

"Who knows this man?" Sir Reginald here shouted,
"I do, your honor; he's the man as routed
A guard of Rooshan cavalry, hisself, alone,"
An old mustache replied. "Sir, that is Tone,
An old troop sergeant-major of our own;
He's been discharged, sir, upward o' ten years,"
A bit of information that brought cheers
From the smart squadron, while each man resolved
From duty there that day to stand absolved.
Then passed from ready hands at least a penny,
Not one pretending that he hadn't any.
So, when the *posse comitatus* left,
All unsuccessful in their legal theft,
And the pleased peasants found themselves alone,
A hundred fondly crowding round old Tone,

He showed them whole two pun, as he pronounced it,
 "One half's the League's," he said, and so announced it.
 "By Jove!" mused Tone, "they couldn't raise two pund,
 Sir Reginald it was so swelled the fund;
 I knew him when a lad; brave, generous, very;
 Born of a family in County Kerry—
 He joined in the Crimea where was made
 The blunder that laid low the Light Brigade.
 Ah, with a thousand such upon our side,
 I'd swing a saber once again and ride."

DAYS O' LANG SYNE.

Dedicated to the Scotland House, Chicago.

Come, let's hae a taste o' the auld wifie's wine,
 The auld wifie's wine, aye sae choice and sae fine;
 So creamy and beamy, the pride o' the vine,
 And pledge me in this: the dear days o' lang syne!

CHORUS:

Pledge, pledge me this toast in the auld wifie's wine,
 Wi' smiles and wi' tears, the dear days o' lang syne,

The days o' lang syne when our pows, noo sae gray,
 Were black as the raven that skims o'er the brae,
 Sae gleamin' and streamin' at work or at play;
 Hurrah for the mornin' o' life's early day!

CHORUS:

Come, pledge. etc.,

In the days o' lang syne gleam the hazel den stream,
 Where each tinklin' wavelet, ran crowned wi' a beam;
 Aye dimplin' and whimplin' like smiles in a dream;
 Oh the days o' lang syne in oor life stand supreme.

CHORUS:

Come, pledge etc.

Lang, lang e'er the tinkle o' goold touched the ear,
 When life was a' joy and the smile met the tear,
 And mirth aye stood sentry to guard us frae fear,
 Lie memory's treasures, so cherished and dear.

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T. M. HEALY.

PAT O'TOOLE.

I'm an out-an'-out Land Leaguer,
And a bully ould intriguer,
And I'd willingly beleaguer;
Good-for-nothing Johnny Bull.

I would whack him,
An' I'd crack him;
I'd have every one attack him,
Wid the div'l a one to back him,
Till the cratur had his full.

By the hokey, I'd Boycot him
Till he felt aich one forgot him,
And I'd lave him, divil rot him,
Till the jack-daws picked his bones.

Or I'd send him on the ocean,
Wid a rough, sea-sickness motio
While a swate ould docthor's potion,
Would possess him wid the notion
He was bound for Davy Jones.

Oh, get out wid him, the cratur!
He's a bloody-handed traitor!
Sure there never was a hater
Like myself of Johnny Bull.

I would shoot him,
And I'd boot him,
Hoot him, scoot him,
Foot him, loot him,
Sure's my name is Pat O'Toole.

NO RENT.

The sky was blue and the sun looked down
Over rich lands and a country town,
Where the roots and fruits, and the harvest yield
Of garden and orchard, and stretching field,
Were rapidly passing from hand to hand,
At market rates of unrented land;
Giving to Labor the honest worth
Of his toil and his sweat o'er the teeming earth.

A speaker stood in the market place;
An ardent man with a glowing face,
And a voice like the blare of a trumpet-call,
And he cried to his neighbors, one and all,—
“The root and the fruit and the grass were sent
To grow upon acres uncursed by rent,
And woe be to him who would curse the sod
By seeking to thwart to the command of God.

In a ruined castle near to there,
An old Earl sat in his easy chair,
Hopefully waiting, that autumn day,
To have his old tenants their rents to pay.
“Where are the bailiffs?” at length he said,
“Where the constabular force we fed?
Where, too, have the soldiers all been sent?”
“All banished, my lord, by the words “No RENT!”

“What!” quoth the ancient Earl, “have words
More potent grown than our guns and swords,
And Law, with its long, outstretching arm
So feebly threatens the knave with harm,
That the voice of a simple Commoner comes
With the flourish and force of a roll of drums?
And custom confesses its forces spent
At the felon sound of the words, No RENT?”

From out the cells of Killmainham jail
Come edicts forth that refuse to fail;
And palace councils are only heard

In the echoing tramp of an ancient guard:
A scene in the drama of yesterday,
A noisy march in a played out play,
The plot of the present is Discontent;
Our motto the magical words "No RENT."



WE'RE PLOUGHING.

(AFTER HEINE.)

No thoughts of suing, their proud heads bowing;
They walk erect while their fields they're ploughing.
"The acres we all have demanded as free
Are casting the curse of antiquity
We're ploughing, we're ploughing!

In vain we sought by humble petition
To save our children from inanition;
In vain did we ask them our huts to spare:
They only derided and mocked us there—
We're ploughing, we're ploughing!

A curse on the ancient heartless status
That sought in its criminal pride to mate us
With thieving foxes and beasts a-field;
We are leaguers now, with no RENT to yield;
We're ploughing, we're ploughing!

Ploughing the fields of our ancient fathers;
Where he who has sowed alone now gathers—
And never a farthing to Rank is sent
All gained by the magical words No RENT;
We're ploughing, we're ploughing!

The plough goes on and the soil breaks away,
And a house for the toiler is building each day;
A blessing, my Erin, has come to thy soil:
Returned to its own has the ancient spoil:
We're ploughing, we're ploughing!



T. SEXTON, M. P.

THE TRAMP.

OLD FARMER.

A tramp! a tramp! sic! Ponto! seize him!
 Call out the folks, Jim—it will please 'em.
 By Jinks! the old chap's got some besom!
 See how he handles his club. I vow!
 That was a stunner he gave just now.
 He's knocked old Ponto plum on the head;
 I swar I believe the old dog's dead;
 I guess he's a vile communist, Jim—
 The Squire, I vum, must take care of him.
 I say, you rascal! you've killed my dog—
 There he's lyin', as stiff as a log.
 I'll hev the law on ye, sure as guns;
 It's queer, by gaul, if you think that one's
 Goin' to stand sich doins as this,
 And think that it won't be taken amiss.
 What in thunder do you fellers mean
 Thinking us all so plaguey green,
 As stand to be robbed by you durned tramps:
 A lot of poor, ragged, mean city scamps—
 Plund'rin the whole of the country wide,
 And killin' our dogs, I swow, beside?

TRAMP:

Poor and ragged, I think you said!
 Right—and we come for a little bread
 To help us along our weary way,
 Asking for labor from day to day—
 That's the reason we're here, you see,—
 Forced from the city by poverty.
 We left our little ones, weak and gaunt,
 Suff'ring from cold and a prey to want;
 Their mothers hopeless and wild with care,
 Clasping their infants in mute despair.
 We canvassed the city through and through,
 Nothing to work at—nothing to do;
 The wheels of the engines go no more—
 Bolted and barred is the old shop door;
 Grocers look blue over unpaid bills—

Paupers increase and the poorhouse fills.
Not as the alms-asking beggar sues
Ask we for bread—but as honest dues:
The power that's seen in the sun and stars,
None of the children of earth debars
From needed cov'ring and shelter meet—
From light, sir, water, and food to eat,
Demanding only of us, each day,
Labor sufficient to pay our way.
We're here, replying to Nature's call,
Who says, with a gracious voice to all—
A text that is new, perhaps, to you:
The earth is man's, and the fulness too,
A claim, rich farmer, here let me say,
The world is striving to prove this day.

FARMER:

"What! rob us?—hear the old villain, Jim!
We'll be murdered, too, by the likes of him;
And yet they will ask for food and drink—
Guess you ain't quite so bad off as you think,
I say to you as I allus say:
No man need starve in Ameriky."—
A very convenient but played-out phrase,
Repeated by one in these modern days.

Ponto, recovering from his stun,
Eyeing the tramp, limped off on a run;
The farmer had little more to say—
He scratched his head in a rustic way,
And muttered to Jim the words: "Dog on 't,
I guess that fellow has ruined Pont!"

MORAL:

Proving what's often been proved before,
At farmer's gate and at rich man's door,—
So often, it need n't be proved again:
That dogs may be cared for more than men!

DEAD-BROKE.

Lay him, goose, a golden egg,
Big as any lager keg.
So to save this modern Weg
From the deuce.
It's too bad for one to beg,
Or yet be allowed to *peg*,
While he wishes hand and leg
Were in use.

He's reduced to skin and bone,
And can barely walk alone;
He was once A number One:
Nobby, bright;
Now, alas! I know of none
Who would, willing, seek to own
One who has so wretched grown
Ruined, quite.

Yes, his clo'es are looking old;
They are hanging fold on fold,
On his shoulders thin and cold,
Where they cling:
He looks seedy—so he's told—
Ah, his best suit has been sold,
And his present will not hold
Till the spring.

Not enough has he to eat;
And, with traveling the street,
See, his almost shoeless feet
They are sore:
And the friends he used to meet,
Friends he warmly used to greet,
Now regard him a deadbeat
And a bore.

He's been sick about a year;
And I say it with a tear,

That's the cause he does appear
 Looking so:
 It was not through lager beer,
 Nor by drinking whiskey clear,
 Nor by cards, he looks so queer,—
 No, sir, no.

Swing around, O heartless Time!
 In thy whirligig sublime,
 That, with dollar and with dime,
 He may dine:
 Dine as when in early prime
 He, undaunted, sought to climb
 On fame's mounting runes of rhyme
 To the Nine.



MY HOME.

My home is the shabbiest house in the village,
 A little red hut at the foot of the hill;
 No garden as mine so defiant of tillage,
 It mocks at my labor and scoffs at my skill.

The peddler avoids me, no mendicant bores us—
 A queer looking place to be asking for aid—
 The simpering visitor—bless her—ignores us,
 The burglar would blush here to practice his trade.

But I'm not so poor as the place would suggest me;
 Not me, but the house, has got poverty's brand;
 No lawyer nor sheriff will ever molest me,
I'm owner of neither the house nor the land.

THE BUMMER BARD.

PART FIRST.

Never before was there such abuse
 Of every rule of poetical diction;
 He wrote about anything, the goose!
 No town ere suffered the like infliction:
 When people protested, 'twas no use;
 He rattled away, disjointed, loose,
 And anti-euphonic,
 And inharmonic,
 Scribbling away like the very deuce.

'T was bad!
 So his neighbors got mad;
 Everyone feeling and knowing he had
 Too much of a good thing altogether.
 He was voted a bore,
 And they lustily swore
 They had heard him enough and would hear no more,—
 That the fellow had got to the end of his tether.
 'Twas better by far
 He should go to the war,
 Said they, than be bumming around each bar:
 So changing his pen for a sword and feather,

Right soon his martial doom was told,
 In tones, though all reluctant, bold;
 "Hence," said the verdict, "quit the town;
 A path is opened where renown
 With laureled death, your end may crown;
 'T is better, far, to daring die,
 Upon the field of victory,
 With bloody saber brandished high,
 Your country's honor staked below it,
 Than live, as now, a One-Horse Poet."

At present, you seem the **PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN**,
 Ragged and covered with mud-crust enamelin;
 Drop the quill, take the saber, and ne'r again cram-aline
 More of your wretched poetical stuff

Into the papers. We've all had enough
Of your doggerel drivel;
Now off to the war, double-quick—or (be civil.)
Too long have your verses been,
Objects of laughter seen,
Flutt'ring around at the foot of Parnassus,
Or soiled in the dust of its shadiest passes.

Hence, and beneath the Stripes and Stars,
In suit of Uncle Sammy's blue,
Cry Havoc! 'gainst the Southern Bars,
And bid all northern bars adieu.

"Listen to me, base Bavinians!"
Cried the Bard, with voice of stentor,
"Worse than were the Attic minions
When the State in madness lent her
Voice in council, ostracising
Names which now the world is prizing.

Not to thee is left the status
Of the poet stamp immortal,
Not for thee to say what wait us,
Once within the sacred portal;
Nay, not by such as thee are given
The verdicts of the Court of Heaven.
O, POESY! sweet maid divine!
The worship of my soul be thine,"
The Bard, in swelling accents cried;
Then dashing fierce, with huge disdain,
Scorn from his wrathful eyes, like rain,
He said with bardic pride:
"A poem is an echo glorious—
Unheeded still by souls censorious—
Of the melodies eternal,
Of the psalmodies supernal.
Ever falling from the sounding
Enharmonic, all abounding
Music of the upper spheres;
Deathless still through all the years:
A voice in the sunlight, a tone in the gloom;
From its bursting prime,

A great heart-chime,
 Till drowned in the blare of the trump of Doom.
 Such echoes have I given to time,
 In measured cadences sublime.
 Who gave your valley voice, ye knaves,
 And peopled forest depths with braves
 That else had been unsung?
 Who gave this spot its first advance,
 And o'er each simple circumstance
 The golden radiance of romance
 In lyric measures flung?
 And this, alas! is my reward,"
 In broken accents cried the Bard.
 "But tears become not sachems' eyes,
 While o'er him looms the high emprise
 Of nipping treason in the bud.
 In god-like enterprise!
 Soon, this right hand, bare and gory,
 Strong shall grasp the vengeful sword,
 In the vanguard of the foray,
 While my pen, the nation's glory,
 Shall recount, in deathless story,
 Epic-lined in words adored
 I accept the doom to share
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.

PART SECOND.

Resolute, confident,
 Off to the war he went,
 But nary a gun nor bagnet took he;
 Like a hero of yore
 He must go to the war
 A minstrel with harp, or armed cap-a-pie.
 His brain was filled with thoughts Homeric,
 Hector's role was his, or none;
 Hector, Cæsar, or Alaric,
 Or Cambyzes,—ary one.

His thoughts were of battles of antique times,
 He scribbled a budget of harper rhymes,

Mingling up bards with battle chimes,
And minnesingers and troubadours,
With Cœur d'Lions, and De La Tours,
Saracen Saladins,
Spanish paladins,
Field of the Cloth of Gold, Timours;
With hauberks, battle-axes, swords,
And barons bold, with mail-clad hordes.
He sang of jousts and tournaments,
Of chivalry and hated foes.
And so he bothered them one and all,
From revielle dim, to dark tattoo;
Boring the orderlies at roll-call,
Plaguing the officers not a few,
With like array of old phraseology;
Offering not the remotest apology
For what was as blank as the terminology,
To them, as a thesis on some new ology.

"Where now," he piped, "are men-at-arms,
And battle cries and wild alarms?
Where the brave conflict, hot and sharp,
With foot to foot and battered sword,
By minstrel sung on golden harp
Strung up to tensest bottle chord?
The piercing fife might please Othello,
So, too, the spirit-stirring drum
But black Othello was a fellow
Diff'ring much, I guess, from some.

Ah, wou'd that I were once again
Upon thy flower-enameled lea,
Listening to thy soothing strain,
Stream of my childhood, Genesee.
As ordnance, by repeated shocks,
Have all their fibres disunited,
So men, by cruel Fortune's knocks,
Can ne'er in life again be righted."

Alas, that this for demonstration,
Should have the BARD as illustration!

Within the chambers of his scul,
To canker all his hopes, had stole
The wretchedness that mocks ambition,
And ruins faith by harsh attrition;
A process of moral disintegration
That flouts all skill at reparation.
He wilted as the maize's leaf
Crisps in the torture of the sun,
When juiceless stands the parching sheaf,
Upon the arid stubble dun.

The ruby of his beak had faded,
Gone was its lurid BARDOLPH hue,
Hopeless drought, alas! had made it
Turn to purple, then to blue.
Now, alas! no longer splurgin',
Down to the Division Surgeon
Went the Bard, one weary day;
Nary piteous word of urgin'
Had he to Old Pills to say:
His look was enough,
He was ordered some stuff,
I think the Steward called it squills,
A curative for all such ills.
With scorn he eyed the potion vile,
Then cried, in grand, dramatic style,—
"Throw physic to the dogs! Old Pills,
Such cannot minister to ills
Engendered by a broken heart;
The life which skill from corn distills,
Or rye, alone can cure impart.
Leave drugs
To thugs!
If thou hast any liquor by,
Sublimed from Pennsylvania rye,
Produce it. What! make no reply?
Why do I ask it? Ask ye why?
Tho' dark my brow and dim my eye,
And frequent comes the mournful sigh;
Tho' lowly here in men's regard,
And soiled and beaded like the pard,

Know this, Old Pills, I'm Bavin's Bard!"

"Ho! give him the range of the general camps,
Quartermaster's stores and all;"
Wherever a brick of a sentry tramps—
Wherever a jug of raw whisky damps
The lips of a soldier short or tall;
Each place was free to him where liquor
Could be bought or sold on tick, or
Paid in bills or postage stamps!
He beggared the sutlers left and right;
He soaked all day and he soaked all night:
Kept cockt as an owl, and stewed and tight;
Was muddled, and fuddled, and corned and slewed,
In all of the liquors—distilled or brewed;
Was drunk as a fiddler and high as a lord,—
All of the stingo the government stored—
From alcohol, ninety-five per cent.,
Down to the stuff in each doctor's tent;
Kegs were emptied, barrels were drained,
But still of a thirst the BARD complained.
He sucked the staves till each was dry,
Barrels of Bourbon, corn and rye.
He asked of the Generals, all of them, why
Uncle *Samivel* didn't try
To keep of good liquor, a better supply.
'Twas apparent, at length, that the Bard would die
For want of the *critter*,
So off on a litter
They sent him to B., where his bones might lie.

Now, never a bard so well as he;
Still on the sod,
He flippith his tod,
Hearty and hale as a bard can be.

ST. ANDREW AND THE TRAMP.

A hungry Scot stood at Heaven's gate,
His throat was gashed from ear to ear;
"Pass on," St. Peter said, "nor wait,
No suicide can enter here."

"Hold!" cried the wight, "and hear the *why*
I risked the loss of heavenly joys:
A famished, houseless wretch am I,
Straight from Chicago, Illinois."

"Ho!" cried St. Peter, "pass the word
And have St. Andrew to appear;
We'll find that when his Saintsship 's heard
A very different tale we'll hear."

Soon came the ancient Celtic saint
And heard the wretched wanderer's tale,
Repeated low, in accents faint,
And finished with a bitter wail.

Shocked was the venerable shade,
His hoary head was bowed in shame,
"Alas! these snobbish rogues," he said,
"Are saintsship members but in name."

Auld Souter Hastie, wi' his snash,
Still met the tramp wi' jibe and flout;
He ca'ed them "bummers, beats, and trash,"
And sent them to the right about.

My certie! but it gies me pain,
Sic things should be sae lang allowed;
And noo Jock Stewart's left to hain,
For banquet feasts their hoarded gowd.

Pshaw! siccan clubs are only snares:
Offspring of nocht but specious pride;
Standing 'mong goodly things as wares
Sold by the vile and known as *snide*.

Each year they meet in banquet ha',
 To gorge the rich on best o' cheer,
 Unmindfu' of the puir man's ca',
 Wha, hungry, draps the wretched tear."

Their saintships took the mangled wight,
 And washed his wounds with healing balms;
 And, robing him with raiment bright,
 Led him to rest with peals of psalms.

CAUTION.

Ho! randy bodies! ane an' a':
 Tramps and sic feckless trash!
 Nae hope for you yins when you ca'
 To get St. Andrew's cash;

For, though the Souter's dead and gaue,
 It quickly will appear,
 His functions stern hae faun to ane
 Wha firmer hauds the gear.

RESTITUTION.

Barney Becker, Voorhees House
 'Cross the bridge, Syracuse;
 For a dinner, good one, too,
 Half a dollar I owe you.
 Sixteen poststamps I enclose;
 Thought you'd lose it I suppose;
 Apologies? idle bosh!
 Truly yours, McIntosh.
 Home, Towanda, Keystone state,
 Eighteen hundred fifty-eight.

Ponto, my doggy, has howled his last howl:
 He lies here as dead as a nail;
 He has barked his last bark, he has growled his
 last growl,
 He has wagged the last wag of his tail.

A SEANCE.

Daniel Webster's spirit was present, but said nothing.
Who knows the scope of the spirit's mission,
Flopping around here from kingdom come?
Has Daniel Webster no higher ambition
Than dropping amongst us, as 'twere, on a bum?
Nary word utt'ring,
Not ev'n mutt'ring,
Nursery trifles, like fee, fo, fum.

Great Daniel Webster, so fluent when living,
Dull as a doornail, mum as a post,
Never a word of expounding giving—
Daniel's immense constitutional boast.
Out with your seance!
Just as if we uns
Swallowed all you uns believe 'bout a ghost.

Did you ever witness a bevy of mummers
In shadowy conclave in parlor or hall,
Assembled to summon the *spiritual* bummers
Always attendant to come at their call?
Singing so coaxing,
Helping the hoaxing,
Sweetly deceiving themselves one and all?

Never yet noticed in all of the yelping,
Prose or poetical, made by a shade.
Ary advice or a sentiment helping
Husband or bachelor, matron or maid,
Either a tootin',
Or in hyfalutin,
Verbal ecstasies, the dead to degrade.

Prophets, philosophers, warriors, sages,
Poets, from Homer to Byron and Burns,
Bringing contempt on their actions and pages,
Talking a jargon that common sense spurns:
Whimsical, trashy,
Stuff, wishy washy.
Rhapsodies, trifles, that no one concerns.

Who wants to peg if pegging's a summons
 For spirits to git and go bobbing around?
 Making the best of us just like the rum uns
 Hazing about when the mejum is bound;
 Flitting and gitting
 And scooting and tooting;
 I'd rather by far be at rest in the ground.

STOOFIN AND I.

Only Stoofin and I are here,
 Listening the wail of the nightwind drear;
 Stoofin the cat, in her snow-white fur,
 Humming content in a placid pur.
 See, she is shaking her rose-lined ear,
 Hearing the woe of the winter night;
 And ever she winks and purs and blinks;
 Thinking, no doubt—if ever she thinks—
 My humble hearth is a royal sight.
 Stoofin has never a care—not one;
 She winks by the fire and blinks in the sun.
 Purr, Stoofin purr, in your careless bliss
 There are poorer homes in the world than this.

Shadows are reeling upon the wall,
 Leaping and plunging in rise and fall;
 Flitting and dancing to and fro;
 Trailing over the rosy glow.
 Ah, flames! I see in your ebb and flow
 The hopes of the vanished long-ago;
 And, shadows, ye are the hopes and fears
 Darkening the trail of the vanished years;
 The flame and the shadows die together;
 Stoofin and I,
 When we come to die,
 Go whither? Ah, Stoofin, *we know not whither.*

THE YANK AND THE JOHNNY.

A Yankee and a Johnny once,
Quite accidentally came
Upon each other in a wood,
When each at each took aim,

And so they full ten minutes stood,
When both began to tire,
Each one of them still wond'ring why
The other didn't fire.

At length outspoke the Northern wight:
"If you fire, so will I,
But guess its hardly worth the while
For both to risk to die."

The Southern brought his weapon down.
"What would do?" quoth he.
"Jest flip a cent," said Yank, "and find
Who must the pris'ner be."

"Heads up, the blue shall be in luck."
"Agreed," the gray-back said.
"And heads it is," quoth Jonathan,
And off his captive led.

"And neow," said Yank, "this little job
Is settled all O. K.,
Heow is it you that didn't plug a ball
Plum through my skillet, hey?"

To which the Johnny, with a smile,
At once made this reply:
"The reason was, I couldn't shoot,
'Cause nary shot had I."

"Pshaw!" said the Yankee, "I was jest
In sech a fix as yeou;
If that ar' neow don't beat the dutch!
My shot was all gone tew."

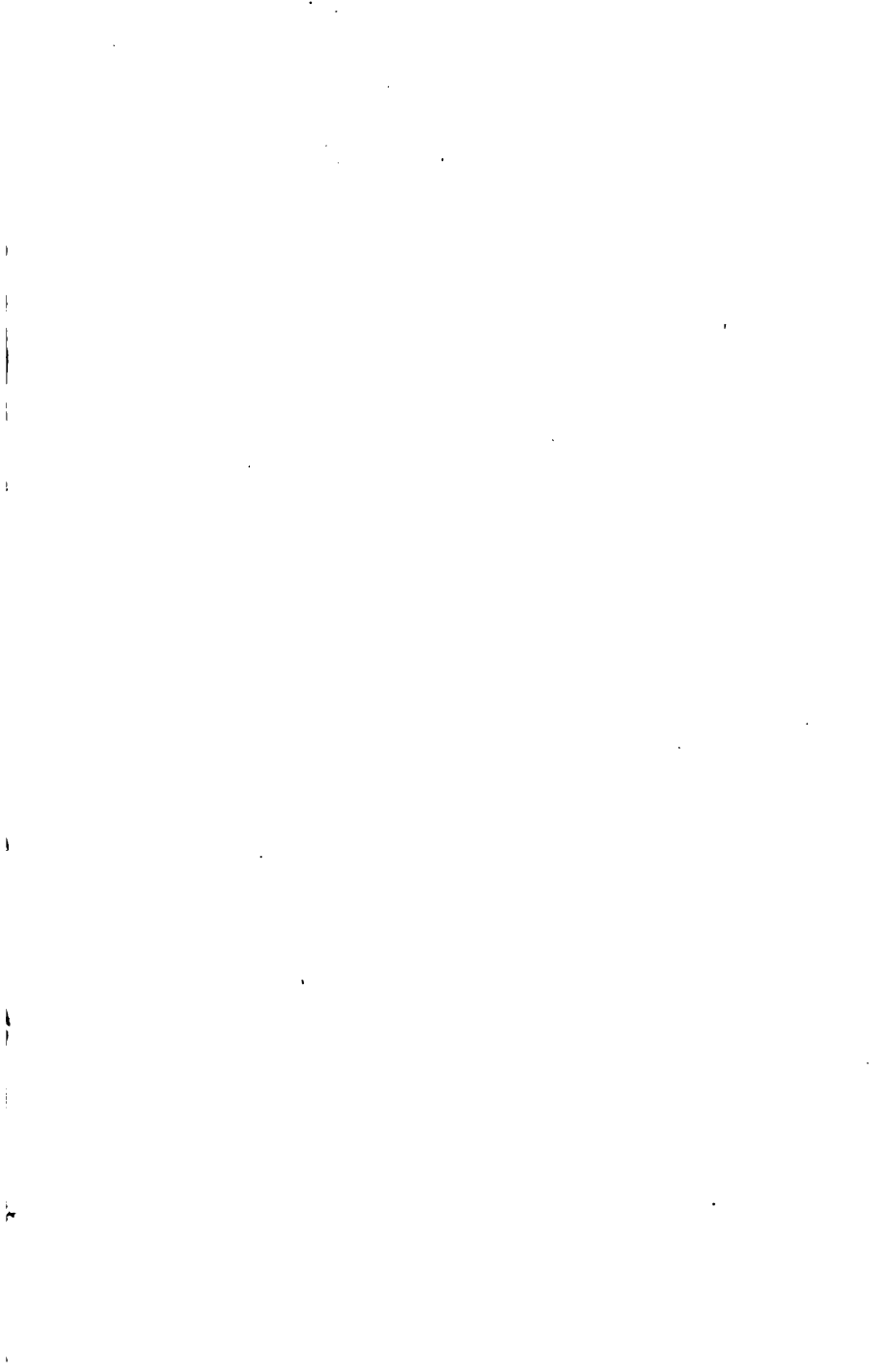
THE FUTURE.

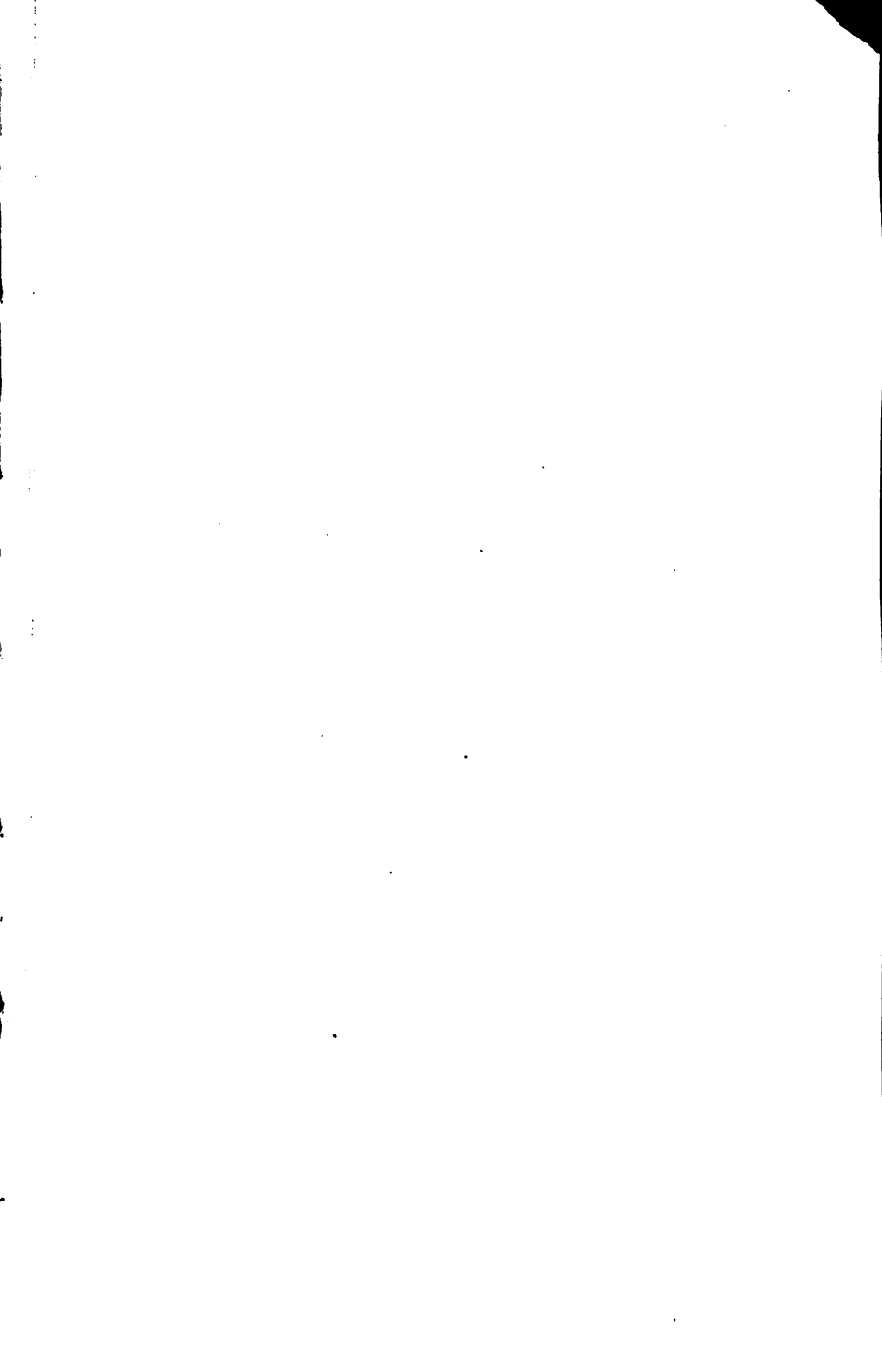
Out of the darkness of self,
Into the sunlight of life;
Scorning all measures of pelf,
Receiving reward in strife.

Flashing the torch of Right
Full in the eyes of Wrong;
Teaching the truth: that Might
Knows neither the weak nor strong.

That is the Future's creed,
The rule of the coming man;
Ending the reign of greed,
The law, and the social ban.

(11.10)





REFERENCE DEPART

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